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THE PERJURED LOVER,

Or the HISTORY of
THOMAS BEAUMONT, *K*
AN OXFORD STUDENT,
And Miss LUCIA BANNISTER,

S H E W I N G

How after the Death of her Father, she was under the Guardianship of Mr. Slyman, who wishing to get her Fortune, (which was Five Thousand Pounds) into his Possession, courted and married her Mother, and in a short Time, by cruel Usage, broke her Heart.

Miss Lucia becomes acquainted with Mr. Friendly, has many Suitors, but none of them succeed in her good Grace, as her Fortune seems to be their only Object.

Mr. Beaumont, a Relation of Mr. Friendly's, arrives from the University, his agreeable Conversation engages Lucia, he writes to her, and takes every Method which Cunning can make use of to ruin her; he leaves her after many Protestations to marry her, but in the End totally forsakes her.

She proves with Child, her Father-in-law dies after having squandered away her Fortune at a Gaming Table; Lucia takes Lodgings in London, is delivered of a Boy, which is got into the Foundling Hospital.

Lucia takes to drinking; dies of a Consumption; and Beaumont having got a Commission in the Army, is killed in a drunken Brawl, and confesses it is Divine Justice for having been guilty of Seduction and Perjury.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
Original Letters found after the Death of Lucia, in a Box, in her Apartments.

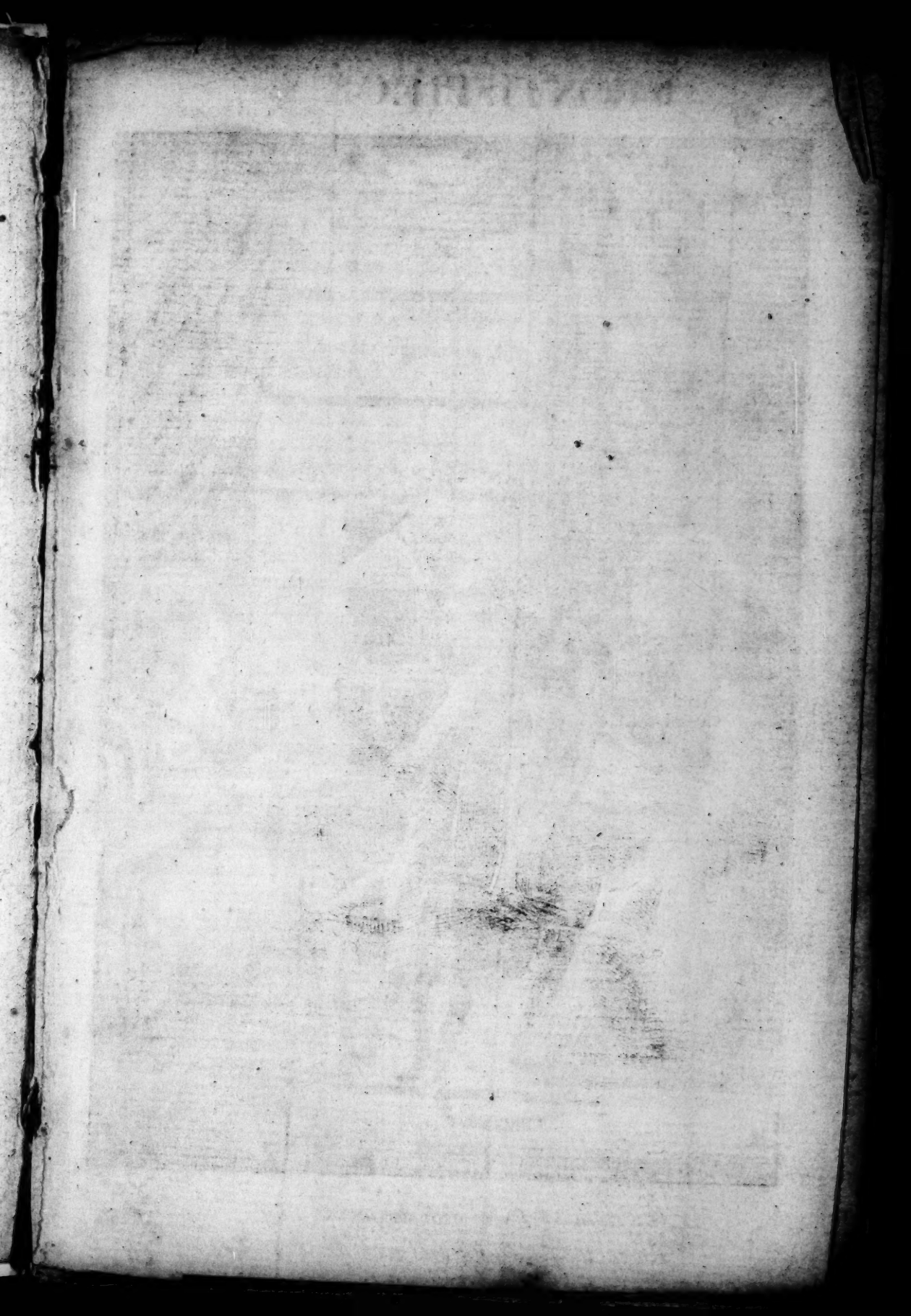
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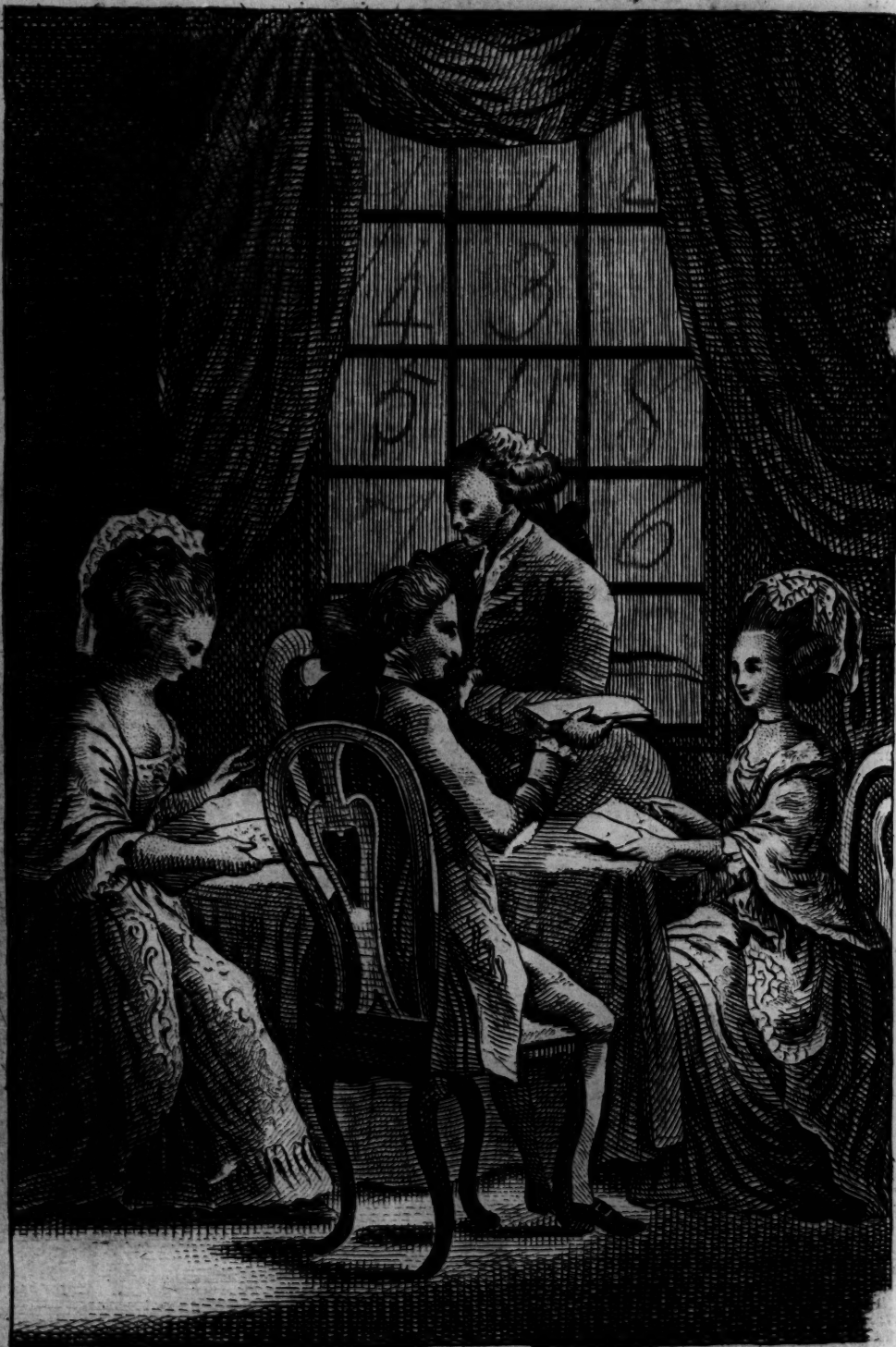
PERJURED LOVE,
OR THE HISTORY OF
THOMAS REAMON.
This Book is entered at his Majesty's Stamp-
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according to the New Act of Parliament,
which took place August 1, 1785, in the
25th Year of George III. And if any one
pirates this Book, will be prosecuted as the
Law directs, and to prevent any Imposition,
every Book shall be signed on the Back of
the Title Page by the Publisher

Thos. Sabine





FRONTISPIECE



*The perjured Lover with dissembled viles.
Courts the fond fair and wickedly beguiles.
Yet in his arms she finds no other bliss.*

T H E
PERJURED LOVER.

A TALE: *founded on Fact.*

*" Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
" Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
" If a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
" But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you."*

OTWAY.

*" There is a fate in kindness, to be least return'd
" Where most is given."*

SHAKESPEARE.

AS an Introduction or a Preface appears to be an essential, and almost a necessary object, due to every literary production, the following tale might therefore be deemed improperly ushered into the world, without saying a few words in its behalf: I shall, in obedience to custom, follow the track my predecessors have trod in, declaring, that I will not long detain the reader, but looking on him to be of the same opinion as myself, not to be fond of a long grace before meat, consequently I shall be as concise as possible,

and then leave him to fall to, wishing, that if he is a critical guest, he will not cut and carve it in an indecent mode; but use the viands as if they were served up at his own table.

Suffice it then to say, this little tale may appear to many to belong to the romantic tribe; but, the reader may be assured, that it is founded on real facts, that Lucia is not an ideal character, that her distresses are not formed in the fertile brain of a novelist; but that the whole are transactions which occurred in the life of an unfortunate young lady, that they are sent into the world to guard the tender virgin against the wiles of the libertine, to shew the mischiefs lawless love occasions, and that virtue is the brightest jewel in the fair one's bosom.

Relying, therefore, on the goodness of my intentions, I submit myself to the candour and generosity of the reader, hoping for the smiles and approbation of the fair sex, which will arm me against all the frowns and anger of the malevolent critic.

Lucia was the daughter of a brave British officer, who unfortunately fell in the memorable engagement at Minden. She was quite young when he died, and left with her widow'd mother, to the attacks of a rude world; 'tis true, the brave officer left them not in distress circumstances, but bequeathed five thousand pounds to Lucia, as her portion when of age, under the restriction of a friend he left her guardian, that she should not marry without his consent.

Lucia's

Lucia's mother was left with two thousand pounds at her disposal, but though she appeared for a time inconsolable for her husband, yet as the tears of widowhood are soon dried up by the warmer beams of fresh courtship, so she yielded to the more pressing embraces of her deceased husband's friend, and at length consented to enter once more into the holy bands of wedlock.

Slyman, for that was this gentleman's name, was not so much in love with the widow's person as her money, nor so worthy a guardian over Lucia's mind, as he was resolved to be of her fortune; his character, however extraordinary it may appear, was of a cast of which there are many in this metropolis; frugal and parsimonious to a meanness at home; yet, liberal, expensive, and extravagant abroad. Such was Slyman's character, and from such behaviour to his wife, who was of a contrary disposition, joined to a cruel and morose nature, soon had the desired effect he wished, and left him sole master of her fortune by her death.

Lucia's mother thus out of the way, he had now only the daughter left to obstruct him, and as he thought the expences of the town would be too great both for his views and her instruction, he therefore took a neat little cot on the verdant banks of the Thames, about sixteen miles from town, and indeed the great advantages of its situation, rendered it a spot that was agreeably rural, and formed a delightfully retired villa.

Slyman,

Slyman was resolutely determined that though he had a genteel house, the appearance within should not correspond with that without; he kept but two servants, one a lad to look after a couple of horses he had to carry him to and from town, and the other a female servant who acted in the capacity of governess to Lucia, chamber-maid, laundry-maid, cook and scullion.

Indeed her employment about Miss was very small, for Lucia was obliged to take care of herself; in the kitchen she had not much to do, for Slyman never had but one thing dressed at a time, and no more till that was eat up. Any one would imagine these two employments were sufficient for one person, yet she had so little to do in them, that her other took not up half her time—so happily parsimony, if it deserves the name, makes the lives of servants easy.

As Lucia grew up, she perceived the disadvantages she was brought up under, what little she saw in other young persons, served to shew her defects to herself; luckily she had learned to read and dance a little before her mother's death; but could not write a syllable. She set about improving herself in earnest, and accomplished more by female resolution, than twenty masters could have done with female obstinacy to combat. At fifteen she began to shine, and attract the eyes of such whom chance threw in her way at church, or at any visit she was permitted to make.

It happened when she was about that age, a gentleman who had in town some small acquaintance with Mr. Slyman, lured by the pleasant situation of the village, took also a little house there. His temper was the very reverse of the other; If Slyman was near, this was liberal; if one was contented with one dish, the other never sat down under four. If two servants were sufficient for this, the other kept six: yet there was very little disproportion in their finances. Mr. Friendly, for that was the gentleman's name, was happy in a wife of a temper as generous as his own. As they were without children, and Lucia was so much left alone, Mrs. Friendly made her a companion. To her Lucia was always welcome, and there indeed, when her father-in-law was not at home, she dined and supped. This was new life to her, and gave her every opportunity she could wish for improvement, as very good and much company visited there. There she heard of the world, and was insensibly led into taste and genteel behaviour; formed by example, she remarked particularly, and retained what was excellent, inasmuch that at seventeen, she was so much admired in that circle, that many good offers were made Mr. Slyman, for Lucia, to every one of which he started so many objections, that it was suspected he did not intend to part with five thousand pounds at all, unless compelled. Indeed Lucia, though she was addressed, did not seem to regard any one proposed more than another. Yet her lively eyes and her whole lovely form sufficiently declared she could love. As she was young, and it is possible some of the courtships made to her was upon account
of

of her being a fortune; and as that as yet depended upon her guardian father-in-law, she was not greatly pressed for her consent. Miss must be of age by and by; thus her admirers contented themselves to shew her an obsequious behaviour, and ceremonious complaisance. Though Mr. Slyman kept her but barely decent, yet such was her then conduct, she would not accept of the most trifling present from any one except Mrs. Friendly.

Lucia was naturally of an open generous temper, and whether she suspected the mercenary views of her admirers, or thought a lukewarm courtship a very bad sign of a real love for her, she was indifferent to all, and seemed insensible of every thing but the sincere friendship of Mrs. Friendly. However this calm was soon to be disturbed, and love to take possession of her whole breast.

Mr. Friendly had a distant relation, a young gentleman at the university; his fortune was but slender, but his parents intended by a genteel education to make amends for the deficiency of fortune, and intended him for the church, and gave him every accomplishment they could afford, and put him in a road where by his merit he might fully recompence the pains they had taken, and make good the deficiency of fortune by his care and industry.

But how often are the fond wishes and expectations of parents blighted, in the full idea they form of their children's future fate, notwithstanding

ing every anxious care for their safety, notwithstanding the most arduous and attentive pains in their education, and rules laid down for their future conduct, yet it unfortunately too often happens, that the prevailing manners of the age, the example of others, and the alluring prospect which vice shews to our sight, to lead us to destruction, under the pleasing prospect formed by parents in their children's youth, often cause disagreeable torments when arrived at maturity. This young gentleman used to visit his relations in rotation, and now came to pass two months at Mr. Friendly's.

The young gentleman was named Beaumont, twenty years of age, tall, well made, rode well, but of an aspect so far from engaging, that his friends used to laugh at him, and tell him, "he had frightened a horse!" a story he used to tell of himself with great humour. But then he was, contrarywise to make amends for an ugly face, remarkable for the sweetness of his temper, and for the progress he had made in his learning. His conversation was courted, as it was entertaining, and free from pedantry, so much that he seemed to have breathed the air of the court more than the school, and happy in that sort of wit which charms without giving any one pain; he scorned a joke at the expence of another's ease: these good and valuable scarce qualities gained him a warm reception every where, and the easiness of his behaviour made him at home in a quarter of an hour. He was amorous, and Oh! ungrateful quality, inconstant. What pity! that the warm friend, the scholar, the fine gentleman in fact,

B

should

should be capable of ingratitude ; and sure inconstancy is ingratitude of the basest kind.

Beaumont was struck with Lucia, swallowed her praises greedily from Mrs. Friendly, yet was so much master of himself as never by look or word to let it be discovered he admired her.— Lucia on the other hand, heard so many encomiums on Beaumont, and saw him so greatly caressed, that she took more than ordinary notice of him, and not to be shurt of others, let his good qualities into her heart, and there imaged him the most perfect and accomplished youth upon earth, in short she loved.

Discretion struggled a little, and prudence suggested to her it was wrong to indulge a passion for one who had never desired her ; who, for aught she knew might love another, or rather depending so much upon his friends, might think to give way to any thought of that kind, an hindrance to what he might expect from the combined interest of his friends and relations.

Love whispered her otherways. Promises and dependance too often leave naked ; he has but a small fortune ; when I am of age I can command five thousand pounds : surely that sum will rather add to his friends good wishes, than retard them ; at least he may wait their leisure much better with a genteel fortune, than with his own small one.

Thus she indulged her own view of the picture she had fixed in her heart, and concluded his
universally

universally allowed merit would plead her excuse. Thus love reasons away reason, and leaves the admonitions of prudence unregarded.

A month slipped away, in which time Beaumont never mentioned love, or seemed even to express any particular difference to Lucia. He went every day to fetch her to dinner, and obligingly instead of a servant, saw her home at night. He made it besides a rule to call every morning upon her, whether her father was at home or not; by which means the maid, if she had had any suspicion of a courtship, as his conduct was so uniform, that he never particularly came when he knew Lucia was alone, seemed to have no reason for such suspicion. His equal behaviour to every female would have lulled the eyes of Argus asleep.

At length, like an artful sportsman, he thought it time to catch the prey he had entangled, he resolved to declare himself, and put the finishing stroke to the ruin of a virtuous lovely girl. Beaumont, therefore exerted his utmost genius, and dressed up a letter couched in the most artful terms he could invent, and thus open his designed scheme. Calling on her therefore in a careless manner as usual, after laughing away an hour in the most humorous manner, he took his leave put the following billet-doux in her hand, only saying, "Miss, my all is at stake." Lucia immediately flew into her chamber, where she read as follows:

Dear Lucia,

Trembling I take the pen, and fearful of offending, how oft have I in vain essay'd to communicate my thoughts to the charming disturber of my rest. Yes, Lucia, I have at last assumed courage to lay myself open to your resentment or your pardon; the latter, (flattering presumption) permit me to indulge, for to a heart that loves like mine, the small prospect of not offending the object we adore, is some consolation. Ah, to convince you how much I love is beyond the power of pen to express; to say I love you, are words too weak to give an idea of what I feel; or if there can be a stronger term call it adoration. Indeed, my adorable Lucia, could I but evince to you the feelings of a man torn with doubt, fear, and love, you could there form a picture of my distresses; sometimes I place the flattering portrait before me that I am not disagreeable to you, at others that you will never cast away a single thought on so unworthy an object as I am—Inferior in fortune, in person not formed to please, why dare I aspire at such perfection.—Yet that glimpse of hope which not even forsakes the dying man, still leads me on, still buoys me up, and in vain dreams whispers to me you will not wholly reject my love.—But though my passion torments and racks me, though a lingering death will terminate your cruel disdain of me.—Yet I must know my fate, know whether, my adorable charmer, will give me an opportunity to personally tell her at her feet the sincerity of my passion, and hear from her own lips

lips whether I am to be the happy, or the miserable

BEAUMONT.

At Mr. Friendly's at dinner, she was all life and spirits, which Beaumont taking for a good omen, made him very gay and entertaining, artfully contriving to make her shine as much as possible. In short, the ice was broke, love unloosed the tongue, and Beaumont too plainly perceived his plots were unsuccessful, and was resolutely determined to take the very first opportunity to put his seducing plan into execution, and subdue entirely the fair who had already half subdued herself.—It was not long before his evil genius in his favour afforded him a successful turn.—Mr. and Mrs. Friendly being obliged to pay a visit to a neighbouring family, left Beaumont and the fair Lucia alone; Beaumont let not the happy moment slip, but soon introduced the purport of his letter; Lucia heard the sweet voice of love with blushing innocence, and unknowing of disguise, she used not the arts of a town coquet, nor disguised her real sentiments, but frankly owned he was not disagreeable to her. Beaumont now flushed with success, more eagerly pushed his destructive wiles, importuned her to be his wife, but artfully introduced it was not then in his power to make her and himself so completely happy by such a tender union, as if he married before his time elapsed at college, he was in danger of losing his degrees, and consequently all future hopes of preferment; but swore by the most religious oaths and imprecations, that not a moment should be lost after that time

had passed away, before he would make her his wife; artfully introducing among his perjuries, the happiness they should experience when no power on earth could divide their persons or their happiness. These pleasing pictures placed before the eyes of a female who sincerely loved and credited the man from whom such tender expressions fell, joined to her natural innocence, had too weighty an effect, and she fell a prostituted victim to the seductions of an artful villain.

This secret correspondence was so well carried on, that Beaumont went to the university at the end of two months, without any one in the least suspecting that he had any particular regard for Lucia, or Lucia for him.

Lucia bore his absence well, as being fully persuaded of his integrity: she doubted not his honour, but in a little time doubted herself.—She grew fearful, she had too much proof of his love.

About which time so advantageous a match was proposed, and the gentleman was really so enamoured of her that he offered to marry her, protesting it was herself he sought, and he would risque what her father-in-law could do; or sue her fortune for her out of his hands, and trust to herself to reward him afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Friendly persuaded her much not to refuse so good a match, nor had she any one objection to make, which was in fact one;
but

dered away at a gaming table, and upon his private mistresses, all his own and Lucia's fortune, to a thousand pounds.

Mr. Friendly offered her his house; her condition obliged her obstinately to refuse it, which nettled him, and lessened his esteem of her gratitude or conduct. She did all however she could do, she took a private lodging, and at last was safely delivered of a boy: the person she intrusted with her unhappy case, was so fortunate as to draw an admission for it into the Foundling Hospital.— And every thing passed unsuspected.

But alas! though all was calm and serene without, yet still within there remained a fierce disturber of her rest. In vain she reasoned with herself how much she ought to detest her perjured lover, yet she could not resist figuring to herself those perfections of his which had reduced her. No friend to open her mind to, a silent despair reigned in her mind. No where to fly to, she remained in solitude, giving way to her grief. Mr. Friendly she had unavoidably affronted, yet a secret shame prevented her from visiting him; not knowing, therefore, what course to take, her spirits daily exhausting, she had recourse to that destructive of all modes, that of the assistance of drinking to recruit her, when overwhelmed with grief; this gave her a momentary relief, and so far increased on her, that the pernicious practice, joined to her despondency of mind, soon threw her into a consumption, which nipt this bud of beauty in her nineteenth year. A sad example of easy faith in any man whomever.—

Her beauty and all her good qualities, with her life sacrificed to her credulity and indulgence of love, without advising with a friend, who might have prevented her ruin, and left her still a living ornament and pattern to her sex.

But however Beaumont was proud of his conquest over unguarded innocence and youthful beauty, yet his perjury did not escape the omnipotent eye, for having quitted all thoughts of the church, as too serious a profession for his roving disposition, he, through the interest of his noble friend, obtained a commission in the army, where associating with the most dissolute of his brother officers, he fell in a drunken fray, and in his last moments, was heard to say, "Oh! Lucia, Lucia, I die a perjured villain!" struck with remorse for perjured guilt too late.

We cannot take our leave of our fair readers, without strongly observing to them, that there are still many Beaumonts yet remaining, who whenever they find the sweet blush of innocence blooming on the virgin cheeks, will use every seducing art to crop and wither it.

Let not the fair then be too easy credulous of the vows, however plausible they may appear, and however approved the youth that makes them may appear in her eyes: Love will hide faults, which the impartial may perceive; he that refuses to evade the holy tie of marriage, by vows and false pretences, will most likely deceive, and the advice of a sincere friend may prevent the ruin intended you. Think when they

they thus attack you, on Lucia's fate, think that she fell a victim to a villain's tongue, and by her misfortunes avoid the rock on which she split.

To our modern Beaumonts I shall only request them to remember that Heaven will avenge innocence, nor let the perjured wretch escape his anger; and though for a while his delusive plots may succeed, yet

———— A time may come,
When the deceiving man shall find,
That vows once made, of whatsoever kind;
Are registered in Heav'n, and cannot cease
to bind.

From hence ye beauties undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold;
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

GRAY.

This History being founded in fact, the Editor has been at no little trouble to procure whatever might serve to elucidate and render it more agreeable. It is mentioned that Lucia was brought to bed at the house of a woman she had got acquainted with, and there died, leaving in her possession a box containing various articles, and among the rest the following letters, which he had the good fortune to procure from the above person for the benefit of the readers.

L E T T E R I.

My dear Lucia,

YOUR chearfulness at Mr. Friendly's, at dinner-time, gave me no small happiness; it flattered my hopes not a little, as you seemed to pay particular attention to what I said, I fancy my little abilities have made more impression than my person could have done.

My only delight on earth, believe me, had I every accomplishment which render mankind agreeable and respected, I should have too little to merit your sweet self, who are alone perfection, and alone the object of my adoration.

Although I have had no opportunity of pouring out my whole soul to you, I wait with anxiety for the happy moment when my hopes and fears will, I flatter myself, be dissipated.

My Lucia is already, I am certain, convinced of my honor and sincerity, therefore will not be averse to the proposal I shall make to her, the season you know is inviting, every prospect is pleasing, Nature prompts the feathered race to warble their innocent loves, why should not we imitate them; my dear Lucia, we are necessarily restrained in our mutual wishes, for fear of observation; would you consent, my life, to go with me to Richmond Park, we might then fully explain ourselves, take a bit of dinner at the Castle, and indulge in those pleasing freedoms which

which makes youthful life the source of the sweetest felicity. I will have a chaise ready in the morning, and as your guardian is in London, you need not want his consent.

My dear Lucy, a line from your fair hand in answer to this, will be conferring an everlasting obligation on

Your most humble

And sincere lover,

BEAUMONT.

LETTER II.

To Mr. BEAUMONT.

Forgive my forwardness Mr. Beaumont, nor think me too easily won, I cannot disguise my sentiments, but must own you have made an impression which cannot be eradicated by time, do not then abuse my easy faith, but return my tenderness with love and sincerity, as unbounded as my own—alas! what have I said, this is surely too bold for a virgin like me, who am as yet unacquainted with the wiles of mankind, but surely my dear Beaumont has too much understanding to be guilty of deception; too much honour to abuse a disinterested girl, who has not art to hide her passion for a man whose good sense and accomplishments render him too agreeable not to be loved and respected, I could in the warmth of my passion enumerate the qualities which you possess,

possess, and which have entirely subdued my soul but I fear it would be going too far.

In regard to your proposal, I not only consent to it, but have already anticipated the pleasures of the day; for I can never entertain the least suspicion of my Beaumont's conduct, but trust myself with him in unfrequented wilds and deserts, secure in his integrity.

Adieu my dear Beaumont, and believe me as much attached to you as you can desire.

LUCIA.

LETTER III.

To LUCIA.

My charming Lucia,

How can I express my transports, the delicious pleasures which crowned our happy excursion, love alone ruled the happy moments, and joy unalloyed by apprehension, sweetened every moment, my tumultuous breast still beats with rapture, and memory will to the end of my life retain the kindness you bestowed in making me the happiest of all mortals.

Believe the vows and promises I made are registered in Heaven, and that my soul can never be guilty of perjury or falshood, as a short time will certainly convince you, when at the holy altar

Lucia,

I will join my hand to that of my enchanting Lucia, then let no groundless fears disturb thy tender bosom, thou fair throne of love and delight, but think only of future enjoyments.

And, to facilitate this, I have another favour to beg from dear Lucia, that is, that we may make another excursion to Kew, that our delights may be as varied as the boundless author of Nature has made his works; the Star and Garter at Kew Bridge will afford an asylum for the purpose of repeating those delicious pleasures, which surpass all human enjoyments, my dear Lucia will not, I imagine, deny me this, as it will give alike satisfaction to both.

Indeed my dear, I shall not share a moment's comfort, till I have an opportunity of repeating not only my vows of constancy, but renewing those extacies which you alone can inspire.

Believe me, my love, to be,

Eternally and sincerely,

Yours,

BEAUMONT.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. BEAUMONT.

Ah! my dear Beaumont, be true, and I shall be happy; but alas! I have a thousand forebodings, I feel I have been guilty of a crime; a woman's virtue once lost can never be recovered;

covered; and though I can never cease to love, I shall live in continual uneasiness till the completion of your vows have made me honourably yours. The censure of the world I despise, but a regard to myself is certainly necessary, that your tenderness I am sure will guard, as your own is so closely connected with it, and a man of honour will surely be as tenacious of that, as a woman of hers.

You may easily guess, that as I have ventured so far, I cannot recede; I have been imprudent, but my love must plead my excuse, and I shall meet you again according to appointment; pray be circumspect in your behaviour; I would not for the world have you suspected any more than myself, and was our intercourse to be found out, I should die with shame, for the busy tongue of scandal never spares the false step of a female:

If poor weak woman chance to go astray,
If strongly charm'd, she quits the thorny way,
Ruin ensues, remorie, and endless shame,
And one false step intirely damns her name;
In vain with tears she may her loss deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more. }

But my dear Beaumont will never suffer his Lucia to experience the least uneasiness for having granted, what he obtained by oaths and entreaties; perfectly satisfied of that, I will comply with his desires, and ever be his sincere and loving

LUCIA.

P. S. O! how I long to add the pleasing word Wife.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

TO LUCIA.

I was going to call my Lucia unkind, but the expression would be too harsh. How can my dearest angel harbour a doubt of her Beaumont's truth and constancy; the course of nature might change, the sun hide its beams for ever, and eternal darkness cover the universe, but my love must continue the same, no change of time, or place, can alter it. Dear Lucia you will meet me again, and then I will again convince you of the sincerity of my passion; my own tender feelings, and the understanding, which you are pleased to flatter, you may be sure will protect both yours and my honour. I have ordered matters so that not the least suspicion can take place, keep your appointment then my life, and meet me at the same hour as before, that we may have the more time to dedicate to the god of love, to whose worship my devotions are bound, and at whose altar I will give up my life. Come then, my Lucia, arrayed in smiles, let thy eyes dart lambent fires, thy voice repeat nothing but the murmurs of love; thy form, like Venus, can alone inspire that sweetest of all passions, and thy consent only give fruition. Adieu, my charmer, and believe me to be for ever your adorer,

BEAUMONT.

D LETTER

LETTER VI.

TO BEAUMONT.

My dear Beaumont,

I have again transgressed the bounds of prudence, but love alone has been the cause, and your repetition of former vows hushed every fear to sleep.

Continue, my dearest, to love your fond Lucia, and she is happy. Fortune, fame, relations, friends, what are they to the man I adore; yet your doubting Lucia cannot be quite blessed till that day arrives which shall unite us, and put it beyond the power of any thing but death to part us. I should think, my dear Beaumont, my fortune sufficient to surmount every difficulty; for pray what are degrees at a university, to degrees in love? But you shall be obeyed, for I would not wish you should lose the smallest particle of what I might add to your honour and renown; your learning claims it—your worth deserves it—and your fame shall have it: It will be my glory to be united to so distinguished a character. Fly swift ye moments to accomplish the heavenly work—but oh! my Beaumont, how shall I bear your absence—the time draws nigh for your departure—What amusement shall I find to pass away my time, shall I read? Every tender story will but renew my love to you. If I walk, every prospect will tell me of the soft moments we have past in shades and bowers. Richmond, or Kew, those delightful villas, will be dreary without your company, which added charms to their beauty;
but

but I am romantic, hasten your business at the university, and fulfil your promise of writing to your faithful Lucia as often as possible, to make easy the heart of her who can only adore you. Adieu my dearest Beaumont.

LUCIA.

To this tragical story of the PERJURED LOVER, one equal in fatal consequences may not improperly be introduced, and will serve as a warning to young women, not to be too fond of paying attention to the flowery language of wily lovers, who praise indiscriminately all alike, and have art enough to deceive all who attend to them, as too many have experienced, and whose imprudence have brought themselves to shame, and their parents with sorrow to the grave.

but I am sometimes, hasten your business at the
 and will not be so much of writing to
 who can only write to you

LUCIA

THE

TRUE AND IMPARTIAL

HISTORICAL

OF

Daniel Jenkins, & Hannah Grimes
a Farmer's Daughter of Diss in Norfolk.

SHE WING

How after having got her with Child, under
 pretence of marrying her, he left her in Despair,
 which was the Cause of her drowning herself,
 and his Sorrow and Repentance when he came
 to hear of it.

AT a place called Diss, in Norfolk, lived an
 old farmer named Grimes; he had lately buried
 his good dame, and had got but one child left
 out of ten, this was his daughter Hannah; she
 was exceedingly dutiful, and careful of her old
 father, who was far advanced in years.

As Hannah is the Heroine of this little His-
 tory, it may be expected by some of our readers
 to hear she was the greatest beauty in the world,
 which would excite their pity the more strongly
 for her faté; but much the larger and more con-
 siderate

siderate part will, I dare say, agree with me, that an inanimate beauty, who has no other charm to recommend her but her face, will soon find herself neglected, when the beholders are tired of gazing; and she will find, besides, that every year she advances in life, she loses a charm.

I will now give some little description of Hannah—her features were regular, and she had the finest pair of black eyes that any woman could wish or desire—she had white teeth and ruddy cheeks—but her good nature was better than all. In short, she was a comely, lively, brisk lass, and every body liked her.

Old Grimes was not a very opulent farmer, he had met with many losses, and was now almost grown past labour; however, he could scrape together about a hundred pounds for his daughter when she married, as he wished she would before he died, to some one in his own way of business.

Hannah had all the young fellows round about paying their addresses to her, to gain her heart, but all in vain; she declared she had not the least idea of love, and should have more pleasure to live with her father, and assist him, as he was near helpless.

We will not say there was any thing of fate in this—we must not search too deep—certain it was, she had not seen the person that was to touch her heart, and thereby cause all she suffered.

We

We will leave Hannah in Norfolk, full of innocent tranquility, and just give a short trip to fair London town.

There was one Daniel Jenkins lived there, who was born and brought up there, and had served his time to a Sawyer, but had behaved very bad, and was given to all manner of wildness and extravagance; however he served his time out faithfully, and was a very good workman, so that he need not fear getting his living anywhere, it being summer time, and he of a roving disposition, took a trip into the country; he worked at several places, but not being sufficiently tired of the itch of rambling, he at last came to Norfolk.

He got into work at a Sawyer's near farmer Grimes, and soon had an opportunity of seeing Hannah, whom he thought the cleverest girl he had seen since he had been out on the tramp.

It was not long before Hannah saw him, and was struck with something she had never felt before; indeed he was a clever likely young fellow, and being London bred, talked to her in a far different manner than her other sweethearts had done, though at the same time their designs was honourable, and his was base, for he was determined not to marry her, or any one, till he had seen more of life, but he made her believe he would, and she gave him her company as often as she could.

Her

Her father had never heard of this courtship, but coming home accidentally one day, when she did not expect him, he stared at the young man, and then asked his daughter who he was—Hannah could not speak; he then turned to him, asked him his name, where he came from, what business he was of, but above all, what he did there.

Daniel told him what he desired to know, and that he had got work just by, and hoped he would give him leave to court his daughter in the way of marriage, for he liked her, and she him.

The old man very sternly bid him be gone out of his house, and told Hannah, if ever he found him there again, he would never forgive her.

Hannah cried ready to break her heart, but her father told her, he was a London prodigal, and if a Man could not live in London, he could not any where, and she should not marry one that stamped the country, for his living, like a vagabond.

Hannah having intirely set her affections on him, was perswaded very easily by him, to meet privately, which they did, without being discovered for many months, during which time, by his tender persuasions, and false promises, he had gained his wicked ends; but finding she was four months gone with child, he began to be alarmed; however he tried to work upon her in a most wicked

wicked abominable manner, and as she never had refused him any thing yet, he hoped to bring her to compliance.

He persuaded her to take something to destroy her infant before her situation was discovered, told her what to get, and where to buy it. Hannah was quite shocked at the thought, and declared she would not do it, upon which he left her in a surly manner.

An hour afterwards he sent her the following note :

Dear Hannah,

I find you have deceived me, for I thought you loved so much, you could deny me nothing to make me easy ; what signifies such a little animal who knows nothing, can feel nothing, and never saw the light ; believe me my dear 'tis no crime, and will save you a great deal of shame. If you will not comply, you will force me to leave you, for you will soon be found out, and I shall come into trouble. Let me beg of you to consent, for your loving Daniel's sake.

Hannah read this letter and cried, but it had no effect on her, however she sent him the following answer.

My dearest Daniel,

To my great grief now I own I never did refuse you any thing, but this that you ask me, I cannot,

cannot, will not do it; my heart wont let me. What! Murder my infant, whom I love before I see it; think what a crime murder is; but one's flesh and blood, oh! worse! no, Daniel, since you threaten to leave me, I will directly throw myself on my knees before my father, and let him find means to stop you.

I am your unhappy Hannah.

Daniel on reading this found he had gone too far, and immediately sent her these lines.

My dearest Hannah,

Do you think it possible I can leave you, no; I only did it to try you; if you can conceal your condition, and be delivered privately, then we will go to London together, and be married as I always promised you; so farewell my dear, and make yourself easy.

DANIEL JENKINS.

Hannah got over the night pretty well, but in the morning she went to the Sawyer's to speak to Daniel, and was informed he went away the night before. Nothing could equal the distraction of poor Hannah; she flew home, and being in a fit of phrenzy and despair, without speaking to any one, or giving herself a moments reflection, she threw herself head-long into her father's pond, and was drowned—without leaving any thing behind her to inform them of the reason of this rash action.

The body was very soon discovered, and the wretched father tore his grey hairs from his venerable head; not laying long in the water, the body was not damaged, but they discovered she was near her delivery, and Daniel was suspected to be the father, but as he was gone off, and could not be instrumental in her death, they made no inquiry after him.

Every one agreeing she was out of her mind when she did this rash action, she was allowed Christian burial and a most decent and solemn funeral; there was every one pitying and shedding tears to look at the poor old man, who had like to have fallen into the grave in a fit, and was obliged to be carried home.

As poor Hannah was respected by all, every one pitied her, and a person living there at the time, wrote the following Epitaph, as a warning to others.

V E R S E S,

BY WAY OF

EPITAPH and CAUTION.

YE Virgins stay and hear the muse,
And this sad maiden's fate peruse;
By Love betray'd, and overcome,
She early sought a watery tomb;
Her Perjured Lover from her flies,
And leaves the fair with tearful eyes,

Tho'

Tho' he with every soothing art,
Had gain'd her condescending heart.

Be cautious then how you comply,
On Prudence you must all rely;
Virtue must be with Honour join'd,
E'er to your lovers you are kind.

Too many have been led astray,
By those who court but to betray;
Then be you warn'd by this sad Tale,
And ne'er let flattery prevail.

We think it is proper to say something more concerning Daniel Jenkins. As soon as he had sent her the last letter, which he only did to gain time, he packed up his alls, and set out that night full speed.

After this melancholy affair had happened, which was put in the papers, Daniel was sitting one day at a publick-house, a person present read the paragraph, which so affected him, that he dropp'd his beer, and fell backwards; when he came to himself he went home, and his conscience being touched by the account he had heard read, he grew quite reformed, and repented of what he had been the occasion of as long as he lived.



THE
 GENEROUS HUSBAND;
 OR,
 The AMOURS of
 ARABELLA.

THE first impressions that love makes on us are the strongest, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, interest, or prudence: how unhappy are those ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, or private views, are torn from the arms of those they love, to be married by mercenary fathers to men they can scarce endure. Clerimont, a gentleman of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich: Their loves seemed so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their parents, who designed to marry them. Arabella, for such was the lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her husband, and gave herself therefore a liberty to indulge a passion which she thought it her duty to increase:

increase : Clerimont was as fond of his Arabella, and flattered himself with the greatest happiness, in living with a woman whose love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage was drawing, the young lady went to one of the theatres to see a favourite play; in the middle of the first act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the first rank, came into the same box where Arabella sat : her mein, her charms, and her wit, raised in him a sudden passion, he knew not how to account for; he gazed, he sighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably surprized, when he saw her servant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer; and as soon as he heard it was his daughter, he made proposals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his surprise, and found the young nobleman serious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as soon as possible; they agreed to have their jointure settled that afternoon, the marriage consummated the next morning. Cleanthes would fain have seen the lady, but her father said it was not so proper 'till he had acquainted her with his intentions. Cleanthes hurried to his lawyer to give instructions for the settlements, and the old gentleman sent for Arabella to inform her of his new engagement : but what words can describe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief, and despair, whilst she received the charge of giving the next morning her hand in marriage to a lover she knew nothing

nothing of. In vain were all her tears, prayers, and intreaties; no reproaches of injustice of Clerimont, no argument of future misery to herself, nor all the soft persuasions of a paternal love, could set aside the prevailing arguments of grandeur, title, and riches. Her father was severe, and would be obeyed, and haughtily urged, it was nothing but her duty to comply; he threatened her with violence if she resisted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguish of a despairing maiden. Scarce had she recovered her senses, when she found means to send this news to Clerimont's lodgings, but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country-house he had in a neighbouring village, to order some repairs for the better reception of his Arabella. The next morning, which was to bring her misery and a husband, arrives, after a night spent in fears, hopes, and despair: her father enters her chamber, renews his reasons of interest, power, and wealth, but finds her still inflexible: As he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her duty, he threatened her with the heaviest curses in case of disobedience. In fine, amidst the horrors of such a guilt, amidst the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and the fears of a father's curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it impossible to avoid the sacrifice. After the ceremony she was conducted to her lord's house, where, if pomp, titles, and riches could give happiness with a man she did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella; but in the public joy she seemed discontented, and broken sighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward sorrow of her heart. Clerimont

mont heard the next day of Arabella's marriage, and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in London, but took post horses immediately for Paris, under all the grief a disappointed lover could bear. Arabella's husband was good humoured, complaisant, and passionately fond of her, preventing every wish by giving her every thing she could desire; but love is very unjust; she could only repay the tenderness of her husband in a cold indifference, which he perceived, and was sensibly affected with, though he knew not she loved any other person. He continued his earnest endeavours to please, but without any success. At this time, a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any design, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunderstruck with the news, and never enquired more into the cause of her coldness to him: he was convinced of her virtue, as she was strict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, shewing great respect to him, but no tenderness; and he saw with grief, it was her good sense only, not her inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her conduct, but complained of his own bad fortune. Among other solitary amusements, Arabella used to divert her melancholy in designing landkips, which she did to perfection: in all her designs, (her passion and thoughts being still fixed on Clerimont) you might find that unhappy lover; sometimes as a despairing shepherd under the covert of a willow; sometimes as a gay roving swain among a troop of country lasses; just as her hope or fear dictated. Cleanthes having often seen Clerimont in public places, and knowing

blow

knowing his person, felt inexpressible anguish to see the heart of his wife so sensibly affected towards his rival; but he was quite overwhelmed with grief when he saw her hang these pictures by her bedside, that so her lover might be the first object that appeared to her when she waked; and one morning while her husband, who deserved the utmost pity, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy to hear her sigh, as she looked on those landkips, and in a passionate tone cry out,—My dear, dear Clerimont!—But even this declaration moved not Cleanthes to shew any resentment, but, if possible, he redoubled his tenderness, hoping that might wean her from a passion so ill-placed. Almost two years he spent in this condition, without being able to change in the least the heart of his Arabella, when despairing of her love, he resolved to make a campaign in Flanders, where, in a desperate attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wishes he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding some strength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her.

My dear Arabella,

I would have said wife, had I not been convinced that name is hateful to you; as this is the last letter you will ever receive from me, I must testify in it my grief, for having been the occasion of the misery I am sensible you feel in your losing Clerimont; but had I known, my Arabella, your heart had been pre-engaged, I would

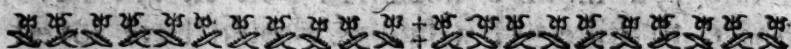
would not have parted you from the man you so tenderly loved, to have joined you to a husband you could never endure. That I loved you, by my actions you may be satisfied; but should any doubt remain, think what I must have felt, rather than give you any uneasiness in reproaching you, when I have beheld the happy Clerimont in every picture in the room, nay by your bedside, to be the object of your wishes.—When I have heard you sigh for him, and passionately call for him.—This I silently suffered; I saw you indulge a passion you should have strove to stifle.—I wish'd you could have loved me, but wish'd in vain.—I am now within a few moments of death; and in these latest words, I desire that no uneasy remembrance of what is past, may never disturb the pleasure which you will soon be at liberty to enjoy with your Clerimont.—Could you have loved me, we both might have been happy; but your first love had made too strong an impression to be erased. You may be happier with Clerimont, but can never have a more loving husband, than

Your expiring.

CLEANTHES.

The news of Cleanthes's death, accompanied with this letter, flung her in to an extreme grief; but when his body was brought home from the army, to be interred with his ancestors, she would have sacrificed herself, that she might give him her life, because she did not give him her heart. As often as she cal-

led to her mind the love, merit, and tenderness of her husband with reproaches on her stars, her love, and her father, she flung herself in to all the agonies of rage and madness. So violent a state brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man she could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man she did.



The following uninvented Adventures, genuine, were taken from the Mouth of a Sailor on the Voyage from the Havannah here.

MY name is John Myers; my family is descended, time immemorial, from soldiers of fortune, who came over with the Norman adventurers, and settled on the borders of Wales; they have, almost ever since, been lords of the manor, in a reputable territory of South Wales; and were eminent for defending the Norman frontier from the incursions of the old Britons.

I was the son of Robert Myers, who possessed a large estate in Pembroke, and entered very early into the army, but soon left that department

ment to join a gang of smugglers; where being very active, I was frequently sent chief of their detachments, and in a short time made a considerable fortune, so as to be able to live independent; yet still inclined to serve my old friends, by concealing several valuable cargoes of tea and brandy, I soon found myself worth some hundreds in those commodities. I had actually secreted a very large quantity in a private place, cut in a rock, with a descent of steps, leading to the passage through which I could easily admit myself, by a door from an under-ground cellar. There was no person in the secret, but my man servant, whom till the time of his infidelity I thought incorruptable; the other entrance was from a platform in the orchard, over which I had the precaution to place a large flag-stone, artificially covered with earth and clay, to be raised when I thought proper. But what was my surprise one day, when I returned from hunting, to find the earth thrown up, the flag-stone raised, and my whole cargo in the vault taken away. My suspicions naturally fell on my own treacherous domestic, who having my life and fortune in his power, made me the following proposal. "Sir, said he, not the love of lucre so much as the love of a beautiful and inexorable woman has induced me to this act of perfidy; the parents of the girl on whom I have placed my affections are covetous, and never raised any scruples to my person or situation, but to my want of fortune. Should I acquaint them even now of my sudden opulence, they

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would

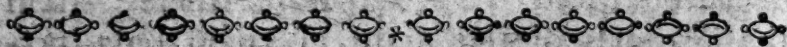
would justly suspect the means by which I came to possess it. To you, Sir, I leave the negotiation, they know I am your servant; tell them, you will give me so much money as the cargo is worth, and we can easily convert the value into cash."

It was in vain to expostulate. I readily complied, and went to the parents, who lived on another estate—but oh! how was I surprised, when I beheld the most amiable young creature I had ever seen—I made no scruple of declaring my passion, and instead of carrying on a match for my servant, I married the young innocent myself. Intoxicated with her beauty, I had not the power to leave her, till one morning I was surprised at hearing my rival's voice, who asked the old people whether I had not been there, who denied they knew any thing of me. I hastily dressed, and getting out privately, mounted my horse and rode homewards; but soon found myself pursued by my servant and other villains his confederates, who forced me along with them through several by-ways, across heaths and underwoods, till they brought me into a sea-port town in Devonshire, where they sold my horse, stripped me of my cloaths, put a mean disguise on me, and then hurried me on board a tender, where I was as a common vagrant confined, till I was sent on board a transport which joined the fleet, destined then to the Havannah. During the voyage, I had the address to make some of the officers hear my story, which believing, was recom-

recommended on board the—man of war, where I was raised to the post of a quarter gunner,

One night it being very dark, and most of the crew-being employed in singing songs, or telling stories, a stranger came up to me, and seeing me near the ship's side, seemingly engaged, asked me what I did there? from the darkness of the night, I could only perceive that he was not of the common rank of sailors, so gave him a civil answer. He then entered into a more familiar conversation, and told me that he had a sum of money about him which he was afraid of losing, and that as he knew I was an under officer, he chose to trust me with it, rather than any of the superior officers, if I would undertake to keep it for him till we arrived at the Havannah, where he would be sure to repay me for my fidelity. I promised him that I would, if he durst trust me; and he put into my hands a purse stuffed with money, which doing, he leapt into the sea. The noise occasioned by his fall alarmed the ship's crew; and though it was dark, they took him up half dead. When he was brought on the deck I knew him to be my servant, and directly made myself known to him. We were both surrounded by the officers, curious to enquire after so odd an incident; when his agony and surprise, together with the quantity of salt water he had taken in, getting the better of his breath, he had only time to attempt speaking, and expired. I don't think he knew me when
he

he gave me the purse, which was of strong leather, and contained about four hundred and seventy four pounds; with which I am now hastening to find out the partner of my breast, and with whom I hope to live comfortably, though not splendidly.



The surprising discovery. In a letter from a sea Officer at Portsmouth to his friend in London, October 23, 1762.

ON E evening, (by a French surgeon's mate of our ship,) a young gentleman was introduced to me, a native of Belleisle; he was extremely polite, and seemed to be possessed of a more than ordinary share of good manners: he sung extremely sweet, though more like the voice of a Senesino than a Lowe: he danced beyond description, and traversed with the most familiar ease and dignity through the different steps of minuets, rigadoons, country dances, and jiggs; he was perfect in the Italian and Spanish languages, and tolerably acquainted with the Latin. He shewed me two or three songs of his own composition; love was the subject. I was informed by himself, as well as several others, that his father was a very considerable Physician in Belleisle; the report to every body was, that he came over to England to get a commission, which

which, it was supposed he enjoyed in the French service.

A very good intimacy was soon contracted between me and this French youth, when one forenoon, he talked to me in words to this effect, in broken English: "Sir, I have, 'tis true, but a slender acquaintance with you, but from the opinion I have formed of your honour, I think I may trust you with a secret, which is of the last importance to me; although you see me usually very gay, I assure you gaiety is far from my thoughts: I am at this day, one of the most unhappy wretches on earth."

Such serious and steady discourse, I must confess, greatly surprised me, from a youth, who at most, I could not think exceeded eighteen years of age. "Sir," he proceeded, "the sword I wear does not properly become my situation; the cause of my leaving France is love; the object of my love is gone to face the most imminent danger that the English have espoused this war, I mean, Sir, to the siege of the Havannah." How, Sir, I replied, what Lady —. "Mistake me not, Sir," replied my answerer, "the person to whom I am engaged by the most solemnities, is a man, and Col. T——s his name. I am not of your sex."

Heaven and earth, I don't know that I ever was more surprised in my life! — Admiration made me speechless! "Sir," said she, "Col. T——s was

was desperately wounded in Belleisle, and recieved the due attendance, at my father's house, which humanity dictated; and when he was almost recovered of his wounds, he paid his addresses to me: Fatal event! I loved again, and was ruined; my father saw the two fond affection I bore him, and immedietely confined me. I loved him, to madness, and was too far on that road to retreat.

I assure you, I saw General C——d's letter to her, where he promised upon his word and honour to protect her 'till she arrived in England. I likewise saw several letters from colonels and other gentlemen of the military, on the same occasion. In fine, she arrived three days after his departure for the Havannah, but alas! poor girl, too late. She sold her jewels, gold rings, bracelets and gold watch, to defray her expences; and was at last reduced to the most unhappy dilemma. To add to her distress, she heard, about three days after my acquaintance commenced with her, that Col. T——s was killed at the Havannah, which was really the case. She wept intolerably, and could not eat for two or three days. Upon my soul, I could not help weeping myself, on her account; for I think she was beyond comparison unfortunate. She is now under the protection of the surgeon's mate. I am, &c.



*The fatal consequences of forced Marriages:
A Dialogue between a certain Baronet
and his Lady.*

IT were to be wished, that every one that marries before they fix their affection sincerely upon the person they are to have, would consider the wrong they do to the person they take. Suppose it be the woman, whom at the book they promise upon oath to love, and yet afterwards perhaps tell them to their faces they never loved them at all: This is an irretrievable injury to the person, who perhaps was as it where, snatched out of the arms of those that did love her, and who perhaps she loved also; and persuaded or over-ruled by parents, to take one who pretended to love as much as any one, but only took her for her money, and venturing upon those pretensions, she or he is now deceived and disappointed, the wrong is irreparable; the lady that might, if he had let her alone, been made happy, is abused, is made miserable, injured in the grossest manner, and he had much better have ravished her, and be hanged as he deserved; I mean better for her, then she had been free again; and

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though

though she had been abused, the injury had been at an end ; but here she is abused daily, the crime is renewed, and she is made unhappy to the end of her life.

This marrying without affection, or contrary to inclination, has a variety of complicated mischiefs attending it, and especially considering that upon the least disagreeableness between the persons married, former objections, and former thoughts revive in the mind; they are always comparing their condition with what it might have been, with what others are, and with what at least they fancy others are; ever repining at what is, ever wishing what can never be. Every thing they have is disagreeable and unpleasant; they look upon their life as a slave at Algier looks on his chains; they fancy themselves as persons only bought and sold, as persons committed by warrant, and made prisoners for life.

The state they are in are imbittered by every circumstance, and every circumstance imbittered by the want of affection; the thing is bad in itself, and want of affection makes every part of it worse.

Nor was it probable that such a marriage should issue otherwise; I had almost said it is not possible, for the nature of the thing directs it, and the disagreeableness can hardly fail to happen, because there is not only no fund of affection to build upon, but a kind of a pre-engaged aversion

aversion, which is certain and renders every thing rather worse than better.

I could give a long history of a family where both the man and the woman were thus stated; that is brought together by the allurements of good circumstance, and the over-ruling directions of their immediate governors and friends; when on both sides their choice and affections were guided, at least against the respective object, if not to other objects; and though perhaps those other objects were not indeed so suitable as to birth and fortune, for this breach happened in a family of some figure, and among them we call quality; the choice they had made for themselves, had certainly been more suitable to them as man and woman, and had tended infinitely more to their satisfaction.

It seems they had frequent ruffings and encounters, as they might be called, upon the subject before; and as they went upon an old mob-rule, "That few words are best amongst friends, and those very spiteful;" so if they did fall out, it was very bitter; and this battle which I happened to have the following account of, and which was one of the worst they ever had, may pass for a specimen.

I happened to be at supper, and the gentleman had drank to his lady with a kind of a sneer and bow. and "My service to your ladyship," (for she was a lady) "Ay, ay," says she, "service! service!"

service!" repeating the words two or three times; its well. where there is no love, there can be a little good manners; and thus the battle begun.

Knight. Love! love! nay the d—— take your ladyship, you know I never loved you in my life.

Lady. Nay, I was pretty even with you, Sir Thomas, for I hated you from the hour I saw you.

Knight. Equally yoked, madam, that's true, equally yoked! (adding an oath or two.)

Lady. Ay, ay! a yoke indeed, and two beasts to draw in it.

Knight. Good words, madam, why didn't you say whore and rogue?

Lady. And if I had, it had been but plain English.

Knight. And plain truth, you mean I suppose.

Lady. Nay, what was sir Thomas to marry a woman that he could swear he never loved in his life?

Knight. And pray what was my lady, to go to bed to a man she hated most heartily?

Lady. The more innocent of the two, for she was never married.

Knight. Not married? why what have we been doing then all this while? what's the English of that, madam?

Lady. The English of what? I could make it speak English if I would; but good manners, rather than regard to the person stops my mouth.

Knight.

Knight. Nay, let it come out, madam; there can be no loss of good language between you and I: I have lain with a woman I did not love, and you have lain with a man these four years, and were never married. What will my lady call herself next.

Lady. Not a whore for all that, so I have the better of sir Thomas still.

Knight. What can it be then? no magic, I doubt, will bring your ladyship off.

Lady. Yes, yes, I shall bring myself off fairly; I say, 'twas no marriage, 'twas all force, a rape upon innocence and virtue.

Knight. A rape! didn't you go to church and repeat the words, and say I will?

Lady. Go to church! no, no: you may say indeed, I was dragged to church, I did not go; I tell you it was no matrimony, tho' a marriage; I was ravished, and nothing else.

Knight. But who forc'd you, and who dragg'd you to church; I'm sure I went to church with you with as ill-will as you.

Lady. I don't know what you did, but I went like a bear haul'd to a stake I know.

Knight. And I think you have been a bear ever since; I suppose that made you so.

Lady. Whether I have been a bear or no, I have been baited like one, that's true enough.

Knight. Well, your ladyship is even with me there indeed, you give me the dog for the bear.

Lady. You must drink as you brew, sir Thomas, you know it was you that began it.

Knight.

Knight. It is just upon me indeed; I broke my faith and honour with the angel I loved, for the cursed thirst of money, my father knew not what he did, when he persuaded me to it; but I must marry a fortune.

Lady. And I must be tickled with a feather, and wheeled up with being a lady. If I had taken the man I loved, I had that which few ladies enjoy, I had had the man that loved me, and he had the woman that loved him, and both had been happy; and now here's the baronet and the lady as wretched as the foot soldier and his trull.

Knight. I saw nothing in you at first to make a man happy.

Lady. And I desired happiness so much when I went to church, as to have been delivered from you.

Knight. I was bewitched with the money indeed; but never with the lady, I assure you.

Lady. And my mother was fond of the knighthood indeed; I was never fond of the knight.

Knight. I might have had as much money, it may be somewhere else.

Lady. And I might have made the man I loved a knight with my money, whenever I pleased; but my mother had her failings.

Knight. If I had had less money, I might have had a better wife.

Lady. And I could never have had a worse husband.

Knight. Well, I will find some way to put an end to it, I'll warrant you; at worst a pistol and

and half an ounce of lead, will deliver me at once.

Lady. The sooner the better, sir Thomas, heaven keep you in the mind!

In short the lady had the better of him, and put him in a rage, and then he left her and went out of the room; but about the usual time of going to bed, they came a litle to themselves again, and preparing to go to bed, when a few words raising the wind, it blew up into another storm, and they fell out more furiously than before.

She told him she had had but two children, and she thanked God they were both dead.

He told her he desired no more of the breed.

She replied, she desired all the world to take notice, that if ever she was with child again, it would be a bastard, and none of his.

He turned round from her, and bid her turn her back to him.

She said with all her heart, and did so.

Now curse yourself, said he, if ever you turn your face to me again.

She said she knew a better way for it than that; so she called her maid, took her leave of him, and went to bed by herself.

The next day she took a coach, and went to a relations's house; took some jewels with her, and sent for her cloaths. And thus ended a mother-made match on one hand: On both hands with affection, and where they had been mutually pre-engaged

ged to other objects; and what was all this pray,
but a matrimonial whoredom?

It would take up too much of this work, to give the short history of the remaining life of these two passionate married enemies; for such they were. As they were people of good fashion, regard ought to have been had to good manners; but on the contrary, she pursued him with all the spite and rage of her tongue, that it was possible for a woman to invent; said all the bitter and disdainful things of him that ill-nature could inspire her with; scorned all the motions of friends towards reconciliation to him, which at first he was not averse to; and at last gave out that he kept a whore, and that she intended to sue him to a divorce.

In return after he found her obstinate, he put all the contempt upon her he was able, and in all company he could possibly come at her; made ballads and songs of her; and in a word, they took all possible ways on both sides to make it impossible they should ever come together again,

After some time he went abroad into France, when he did the spitefulest thing that was possible for him to do, or that I think a man could ever do to a wife. Being as he had given out at Paris, he caused a rumour to be raised, that he was very sick and a little after, that he was dead. This he carried so far, that his servants and dependants whom he had left at his house, were all put into mourning, and the lady was firmly convinced that
he

he was dead; nay he employed a subtle managing fellow to come to the house where the lady lodged, to give an account of his death, and that he was at the funeral.

In a word, things were carried so far, that the lady was courted by another gentleman, and at length agreed to be married; but all things being got ready for the wedding; settlements made, the very day come, and her friends about her, he sends a messenger to tell her that he was coming to the church to see her married; that he would have remained in his grave, but that he was resolved she should not have so much pleasure as that of one day's delusion; and that he would not do the gentleman so much injury to let him marry a she-devil as he had done.

This was managed so wickedly, and with such a keenness and severity of spight, that it almost cost the lady her life; and it might have gone farther; for the gentleman was affronted so, and it went up to a challenge; but some friends interposed, so that they did not fight,

The enraged lady fell sick with disdain; and the fury that this piece of management put her in was such, that she continued languishing near two years, but then recovered. A great many friends interposed if possible to reconcile them; but there was no room for that, it was gone too far.

At length they brought it to a truce, though they could not bring it to a peace; they brought them

to an agreement of civility, that is, not to insult or affront one another any more, and this was all they ever could be brought to; nor was it easy to bring them to that, so exasperated were they on both sides, so irreconcilably provoked, especially the woman.

Those people who value their own ease, should think how they can expect happiness in a woman they do not love; what little satisfaction they will find in life, while they shall be continually wishing for their beloved Rachel, instead of their bleary-eyed Leah, with whom they must cohabit.

Tell me ye Sacred Powers, which rule on high,
If love's a heaven-born passion, tell me why
Do mortals love, and heaven so oft deny?

Unhappy man! by laws unhappy tie,
Bound to possess the object he would fly;
And left to love what he can ne'er enjoy.



The DROP of WATER. A Fable.

AS arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations

tions seems purposely to shew us, that our schemes of prudence have no share in our advancement.

This is beautifully illustrated in this little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: 'Alas! What an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to a universe: I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardning in the shell, 'till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

THE APPLICATION.

Let none, however mean or insignificant he may think himself, dare to give way to the thought, that he is neglected by his Creator. Every station, as far as it is providential, is appointed with the most consummate wisdom; and a Lazarus, tho' despised by this ill judging world, if humble and faithful, in the station assigned him, shall be found of infinite value in the day, when the great judge of the earth, shall make up his jewels.



The Unfortunate Effects of DISINGENUITY.

IF penitence can lay claim to pardon, and to confess our crimes is any kind of atonement for them, the following true narrative may plead in my behalf to an injured woman, reconcile me to myself, and restore that tranquillity of mind which I have so lately forfeited by my own folly and indiscretion.

You must know, that I am the son of an honest tradesman, was by him brought up at a public school, and from thence went to the university. Soon after my arrival there, a gentleman came down with his family to enter his son, who had been my school-fellow at one of the colleges: They sent for me: and desired I would shew them the university: a request which I readily complied with, as it gratified my vanity in being seen with his daughter, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, advantages which often supply the want of every other real good, but served in her only to adorn the superior qualities of the mind, and set off the charms of virtue.

I strove to make their time as agreeable as possible, by that assiduity which never fails to please, and all those little services which are sure to conciliate affection: I waited on my fair visitor, as you may imagine, with more than ordinary diligence, gratified her curiosity by the sight of every thing
that

that I thought worthy of her attention, and endeavoured by being useful, to make myself agreeable. I succeeded so well, in short, with the whole family, that when they left the place, I received a pressing invitation from the father to spend a week with them in London. Accordingly I waited on them, and was received with great politeness; the morning we chiefly spent in diversions within doors, and in the evening went to the play. This gave me an opportunity of frequent interviews with the young lady, in which I could not help paying that tribute of praise to her accomplishments which I knew she deserved, and which I imagined she expected: I spoke the language of love, without feeling the power of it, and insensibly raised a passion in her breast, which was as yet a stranger to my own.

When I took my leave, my friend told me, they would not consent to part with me so soon, unless I would promise on the first leisure I had to return; with which proposal I readily acquiesced. As I had no great desire to change a scene of gait and pleasure for the gloom of a college, the reflexion of it threw a melancholy on my features, which the lady attributed to a different cause. I fetched a deep sigh at parting, and retired from her with a silent sorrow, which I afterwards found had left a stronger impression on her heart than all the fine things I had seen, and confirmed her in the opinion she had conceived of my inviolable attachment to her. I returned to the university, where my attention was soon called to other views, and my thoughts fixed on objects of a very different nature;

nor

nor should I, perhaps, from that hour have called to mind the now forgotten fair one, had not a letter which I received from her about three months afterwards, greatly surprised and disturbed me. "She would not, she there informed me, have broke through the prescribed forms of her sex, but that, as she well knew my designs were honourable, and nothing but my own diffidence had concealed them, she looked on herself as bound in honour to let me know that they would be acceptable to her; that it would appear like affection in her to suppose I had meant merely to flatter and amuse her; and as she had spared me the confusion of first mentioning this, she hoped I would soon come to a more clear explanation." In a postscript she added, "That her father was a man who had, what we call, seen the world, was determined to marry her at all events, up to her rank; and chose rather to see her splendidly miserable, than obscurely happy: Thus unless I saved her, she was ruined; and that a short time must determine her fate."

I need not tell you how I was confounded, to find myself involved in an intrigue, before I had so much as once thought seriously upon it. I therefore answered her in the most submissive manner I could; represented to her, that it would be the highest ingratitude in me to marry the daughter of a man who has shewn me such uncommon civilities, without his consent; besides, that the disparity of our fortunes must be an unsurmountable obstacle to a thinking person; that she might one day or other reproach me with breach of trust
 herself,

herself, or insult me on account of that very inequality which she now seemed to disregard ; that in such a case, the desire of pleasing must sink into the fear of offending, and thus put an end to all her visionary schemes of lasting happiness ; that I was sorry she had so much mistaken my behaviour as to attribute that to love, which is but the effect of gallantry. I then talked to her of a priest and marriage in the language of Lothario ; and concluded by advising her, for both our sakes, to think no more of it.

This, you may imagine, was an answer which whilst my hand wrote it, my heart very severely reproached me for. I could not but tacitly blame myself for that particular regard and attachment to her, which I had formerly expressed, and was not determined, whether I should not make a little serious love to her the very next opportunity ; when in the midst of these reflections, I received the following letter, which best can tell the story of her misfortune, and expose the weakness of my past conduct.

“ It is over, and I am a slave ! yet the only hour that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one that a husband’s authority has not a right to interrupt. To sum up all my miseries in a word, know, my father has this morning given me up to sorrow, and Mr.——. Alas ! what delusive visions of felicity did not your flattering tongue once give me leave to form ? Such as no turn of fortune can again recall. I tremble to think what a husband’s rage may not inflict, when he finds, instead of the happiness he expected, so
poor

poor an entertainment as love compelled will afford him. It is impossible for different masters to share one poor heart : with me he might enjoy as much as the unwilling victim to brutal violence, and have as warm a return of fondness from the sheeted lead. But what am I saying, and to whom? to him who has robbed me of my peace! Can he now dry up those tears which himself alone can bid to flow? Or can he heal those wounds which himself has made, but the worst is past; all the passions that have racked me since I received your last are hushed, and what little spirit remains will soon give way to the silent eating sorrow that must follow this. Farewell! and know, however I condemn your conduct, that would my brother, jealous of his honour as he is, this moment revenge me, I had rather forgive than resent it. Live then, and be happy; and may that happiness never be suspended a moment, by the remembrance of her whom your falsehood has made for ever miserable."

If your heart has not already informed you what I felt on this, it will be needless to tell you how severely I now accuse my own weak conduct; nor can I soon forgive myself the wanton sacrifice of youth, innocence, beauty, and virtue to fashionable levity, and polite perfidiousness. It is I that have given the wound inflicted by her father a deeper smart; tho' it is himself who has made that misery lasting.

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